

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



UNUSUAL VISITORS AT THE COURT.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER III.—MR. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S DIFFICULTIES.

MARK Fletcher and Barry Lloyd left the Sunday-school, and turned their steps towards one of the pleasantest suburbs of Manchester. The squalid back streets, with the pinched and sallow faces of the operative class who inhabited them, were soon lying behind them in the grey fog which overhung the city; and the road they followed was thronged by pedestrians of another rank, well dressed and well

fed, whom the swelling tide of famine had not as yet reached, or had reached only through their generous sympathy. Barry, if she had not forgotten her tears, had wisely conquered them as useless things, and now walked by the side of Mark Fletcher, talking almost gaily. After half-an-hour's brisk walking, they reached a terrace of handsome houses, standing at the back of a fair-sized piece of ground laid out as gardens, and all built alike, according to the prevailing rule of street architecture, so as to be only distinguishable from one another by the numbers

upon the doors, or by the pattern of the elegant curtains which were drawn carefully over each bay window. In no town in the kingdom is there more house-pride than in Manchester, manifested in the humblest cottage of the operative, which is crowded with unused furniture, as much as in the sumptuous mansion of the merchant prince. The standing and position of a citizen almost depend upon the rent he pays. Lloyd Terrace, a row of a dozen good residences renting at £60 a year, was a good example of the general rule. There was a certain air of ease, approaching to affluence, pervading the exterior of each of them, and showing through the large plate-glass windows of their drawing-rooms. No one dwelling in such a house could lie under the suspicion of poverty.

When the hall-door was opened to admit Barry and her guest, the interior of the house gave no contradiction to the affluent appearance of the exterior. Through every place was diffused a thoroughly English air of home comfort and taste, which had hitherto been allowed to display themselves without stint. The drawing-room, into which Mark was ushered, was a good-sized apartment, elegantly furnished with all kinds of fashionable and expensive knick-knacks, and contained a piano and harp, either of which had cost no mean sum. A good fire was burning within the steel bars of the polished grate, and a man of about fifty years of age was lying back in an eminently comfortable easy-chair upon the hearth, with a small table, holding a decanter or two of wine and some plates of fruit, at his elbow. He was a fine-looking, portly man, of an easy and dignified bearing; a man who might have been a peer of the realm, and not dishonoured his rank. It could not for a moment be supposed that he and want should ever become acquainted, or that he should ever look poverty closely in the face. Mark Fletcher felt his vague anxieties ready to take flight as Mr. Christopher Lloyd rose from his easy-chair with outstretched hand, and a rich warmth of hospitality to welcome him.

"This is capital, Barry," he said to his daughter, with a beaming smile of approval; "you've done well to bring Mark back with you; but it puzzles me to guess how you managed it. He is as difficult to catch as one of the curlews of our own hills. A rare shy bird is Mark Fletcher. But sit down, my boy, sit down nearer to the fire; take my chair, and tell me what wine you like."

Mr. Christopher Lloyd put Mark down into his easy-chair by a strong hand upon his shoulder, and drawing up another of a slender and fanciful make, threw himself upon it with a recklessness which called forth an injunction to be careful from Barry. Mark was a keen observer of the finer shades of expression, and he detected under the almost boisterous heartiness of Mr. Christopher Lloyd's manner a deep-seated disquietude, which sought to conceal itself from the notice of others. But it could not be hidden from the searching eyes of Barry, and she stood at the back of her father's chair, with her hand lying tenderly upon her father's shoulder. He stooped his head, and kissed his daughter's hand, with a smile of uneasy fondness upon his face.

"I have told cousin Mark," she said, gently, "all about what you and I are afraid of; and he is come home with me to have a little talk with us about our affairs. Just wait five minutes while I run and take off my bonnet, but don't say anything till I come

back. You know you are to have no secrets with me, not the smallest little secret; not half a syllable. I shall tell Mab to come in, and you cannot talk before her, you know."

She shook her head at them both with a sagacious and peremptory grace, and holding the door open in her hand, called aloud for Mab. A voice, plaintive and low, with the affected accent which has been prevalent of late years among our young ladies, was heard in reply; and before Barry left them, Mab made her appearance on the threshold. She was a small, fragile, slight creature, who looked as if the faintest breath of wind would waft her away. Her pale, straw-coloured hair was elaborately and fashionably arranged, and her dress was carefully made in the latest mode. The little white, dimpled hands, which hung languidly down, had never been soiled by useful work of any kind, and were as soft as the tiny hands of a baby. Her eyes, like Barry's, were large and grey, but there was no light behind their dark pupils; in its place there was a weary and dreamy look, as if her eyes had looked upon life, and saw nothing but tedium and monotony in it. She entered the drawing-room like the delicate woman of Scripture, "which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness." Her greeting of Mark was gentle and polished, but listless; and as she glided slowly across the thickly-carpeted floor with noiseless footsteps, and a luxurious grace of movement, Mark felt once more that it was impossible for want and poverty to come into close contact with so fair and feeble a creature.

Mab drew her harp towards her, and ran her fingers across its strings. It was Sunday afternoon, and the music she selected was necessarily sacred—a chant, containing a few verses of one of the psalms. The evening was a marked evening, and both words and notes sank deeply into Mark Fletcher's memory. The last verse, often repeated, rang in his brain long years afterwards: "Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashamed for my sake: let not those that seek thee be confounded for my sake, O God of Israel." As Mab finished her chant, Barry reappeared, with a bright flush upon her face, and a conscious shyness in her eyes, which caught Mark's notice, but for the meaning of which he had no clue. She whispered a few words to Mab, who went away immediately; and then Barry drew up a chair between her father and Mark, and bade them peremptorily begin their conference.

"There's not very much to be told," said Mr. Christopher Lloyd: "the Devonshires say they have no present need of my services, and will not have till this war is over. Nor does there seem as yet any prospect of better times. Well, I'm thrown adrift with just thirty pounds in my pocket, and four incumbences, who have been costing me a hundred a year each for some years past. You don't know what an awful incumbrance four children are!"

Mr. Christopher Lloyd spoke playfully, and patted his daughter's hand; but the smile faded from his face, and a portion of his gay ease slipped away from his manner.

"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Mark, starting upright in his comfortable chair; "you mean so much in ready money, I suppose. Surely you have some source of income besides your engagement with the Devonshires?"

"Not a farthing," was the answer. "Ten years ago I scraped together two thousand for the two little

girls; but I invested them on a railway, on the other side of the Atlantic, and I may whistle for my dividends. Since then I have not been able to save a shilling. You don't know the expenses of a family; and you are a wise fellow perhaps to keep out of it. There has been Barry's education, and Mab's; and now the two boys. Thank God! I've paid their last quarter's bill; and they must come home to-morrow. So now you know my circumstances precisely."

Mark remained silent from a feeling of stupefaction. He was not a very practical man of business; and his thoughts were always given by choice to subjects far removed from the range of money-matters. As a banker's clerk he knew his work well, and discharged his duties faithfully, but how to meet such a crisis as had come in Mr. Christopher Lloyd's affairs was as perplexing to him as to Barry. There were not a few of the warehousemen of the paralysed city in the same position; but though there were many vacant places, there was not one which needed to be filled up in the winter of 1862.

"I cannot bear to face the mere thought of privation," said Mr. Christopher Lloyd. "I could not endure, for instance—don't laugh, Mark—to see my girls wearing cotton gloves. Barry might bring herself to it, for she is a strong-minded woman, is Barry; but it would break the heart of poor little Mab. No, no; it cannot be."

He spoke lightly, as if he were trying to make a mock of himself and his position; but Mark's eyes opened widely, and were riveted upon his gloomy face.

"Have you nothing to suggest?" he asked, somewhat testily.

"I wish I had a good sum of money to offer you," exclaimed Mark. "You might have accepted it from me, who ought to have been your nephew. But when that happened—you know what—and I felt that all my future life would be solitary, I made it a rule with myself to 'lay up no treasure upon earth.' I have always given away the residue of my salary, as it has come into my hands; and now I have no means of helping those whom I love best."

Mark did not tell them that having fixed his own personal expenses at the lowest sum possible, he had had a large sum yearly to give to the cause of Christ. Few men in the wealthy city gave more than he did; not one gave away so much in proportion to his income.

"I call that a tempting of Providence," said Mr. Christopher Lloyd, sharply, for it was no point in his religion to deny himself the comforts and luxuries of life. He gave, as he spent, carelessly, and without calculation. "Suppose you have an illness, or live to old age; what is to become of you then?"

"I insure myself yearly against times of illness," answered Mark, with a smile of marvellous serenity, "and I purchased ten years ago a deferred annuity of £50, which will become mine if I live to the age of sixty. I think I do not tempt Providence foolishly."

"You are a good fellow, Mark!" cried Mr. Christopher Lloyd; "shake hands with me. Barry, you shake hands with him, too; heartily, my woman, with a good warm squeeze to it. He will be one of the aristocracy up yonder; and you may be glad to get a little notice from him."

"I've been thinking," said Barry, after clasping Mark's hand with all the force of her slender fingers, "that it might be of some use for me to go down to Clunbury, to my uncle David. I am rather a

favourite with him and my aunt. Is he rich enough to help us, Mark? You know all this terrace belongs to him; and twelve houses at £60 a year is £720. Do you think he could and would help us till these hard times are over?"

Mark Fletcher thought of Mr. Lloyd's banking-book, and its entries, but it was a point of honour to keep the professional secrets which came into his possession. He looked back into Barry's curious face, with a pleasant and straightforward gaze.

"I am not free to tell you whether your uncle is rich or poor," he answered, "but there could be no harm in your going to him. Your aunt will support your cause, and do everything that lies in her power to help you. I heard from her to-day, and she says she is ill. Go as soon as you can, Barry, and it may be you will prevail upon Mr. Lloyd to help you."

"Draw blood from a stone," said Mr. Christopher Lloyd, contemptuously; "but Barry may go if she pleases."

CHAPTER IV.—A SERMON IN THE DARK.

SUBMISSIVENESS was no part of Mab Lloyd's languid and inert character. Barry might have argued and entreated in vain for her to absent herself from the conference, in which she was not included, if she had not given a reason which proved more powerful than curiosity, and the desire to display her airs and graces to Mark's unaccustomed eyes. In the common sitting-room of the family, which was a shade less elegant, but more comfortable than the drawing-room, she found a tall, well-made, good-looking young fellow, who felt himself evidently quite at home there. Richard Crichton was at present only a medical student of about Barry's own age; but he belonged to the Crichtons of Didsbury, a family so near the top of the Manchester tree, that poor little Mab's head grew giddy as she looked up and measured the height from which he descended to associate with a traveller of Devonshires'. He did it on æsthetic principles; and the sparkling, changeable play of Barry's face, and the soft and fragile grace of Mab, were the charms which drew him to the house of Christopher Lloyd. He made himself at home, and went in and out as he pleased, with a frank lordliness which won upon both the young girls; only that now and then Barry asserted herself, and put him down with a strong will, yet a gay and pleasant manner, but it always ended, after a few days of forced deference, in Richard Crichton being more free of the house than ever.

Mab was seated beside Richard Crichton, with her face turned towards him, and her large languid eyes closing frequently, as if unable to bear the weight of the grey light. She was speaking of Mark, and her voice was so low as to compel her listener to bring his face very close to hers.

"He was to have married my cousin Ellen," she said, in a sad little tone, "but she fell down a cliff at Barmouth, and was killed before his eyes. It is my father's and uncle's native place. Ever since, Mark has worn mourning for her, and he made some sort of a vow never to marry for her sake. He never thinks of such a thing. But isn't it sad? and he is so good."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

answered Richard, with a sentimental glance into Mab's eyes. They read Tennyson together, and it seemed a happy opening for a quotation.

"Mark is a special favourite, of course, with uncle and aunt Lloyd," said Mab. "Uncle is a rich man; not rich according to your Manchester notions, you know; but he has perhaps about £20,000. Lloyd Terrace belongs to him, and now Ellen is dead, he has no relations but us, not one; and of course we are his heirs. Barry frets herself sometimes about our living extravagantly, and up to papa's income; but we are quite sure of having plenty in the end, so we are right to enjoy ourselves. He is quite an old man; sixteen years older than papa. He is sixty-eight years old."

Mab's eyelids had shut and opened frequently over this speech, which she lisped with the artless prattling of a child. She had been doubtful whether Richard Crichton knew what expectations they had; and she was glad of the opportunity of talking a little of their only rich relative. Richard listened attentively.

"We are a very old family," said Mab, with a little laugh at herself, "a very ancient family indeed, though papa is only a traveller for Devonshires". But I was talking of dear Mark. Oh! he is so good; I could never tell you how good he is to all sorts of dirty, poor people, with all kinds of diseases, you know. But of course! I forgot, you have seen him at the Infirmary?"

"Yes," answered Richard, "I know him pretty well."

At this moment the opening of the drawing-room door was heard, and Mab moved a little farther off upon the sofa. The sound was followed by the immediate entrance of Mark, with Barry and her father. The two young men saluted one another rather stiffly, and Barry said to herself, "No two men can endure one another." Richard Crichton was cool and supercilious; but Mark tried to fan himself into a faint and transient glow of brotherly love towards this gay and good-looking usurper, whom he found so much at home in Mr. Christopher Lloyd's house. The two hours before evening service passed quickly, and as Barry would allow of no attendance of admirers either of her own or Mab's to their place of worship, Mark Fletcher and Richard Crichton set out into the streets alone.

It was quite dark now, and the pavements were thronged by congregations making their way to their respective churches and chapels. Mark was going to preach in the dark, he said, in one of the courts in the city; and he invited Richard to go with him. Presently they diverged from the broader and more open streets, and struck into a quarter of the city where the houses were more closely built, and where the causeways were trodden by quite a different class of people. The lamps were few and far between, and scarcely a window was lit up by the cheerful gleam of fire or candle burning within. With the damp weather the season had become warmer and closer, and many of the house-doors were open, but only dim outlines could be seen of the groups whose voices struck upon their ears as they passed the open doorways. The people were sitting in darkness, and brooding over their sore necessities. Here and there they came upon the brilliant windows of a gin-palace, still driving a flourishing trade, and making some street-corner bright with the light which gleamed into the deep gloom of the surrounding blackness. But upon the whole their route lay through obscure and gloomy streets, along which they could hear a low muttering of plaintive voices following them as they passed by.

At last Mark, who had conversed little with his companion, led the way up a narrow passage into a court containing about eight houses, lying at the back of one of these dismal streets. The light from a single lamp fell upon their dingy fronts, half a century ago already blackened by the grime of the smoke from the neighbouring mill-chimneys, which no longer blackened the air with their welcome banners. The upper storeys of the dwellings displayed long, low windows, indicating the old hand-loom shops, where the rude but free operatives of earlier days had worked under their own roofs. The homely sound of the treadle and shuttle had long ceased to echo among these walls, and it seemed to have been succeeded by the desolate stillness of a deserted place. To preach here would be to preach to bare bricks and timber. Overhead a square patch of the October sky seemed to lie low down upon the silent roofs, as if to shut it in, and make it more completely a separate, lonesome, dreary spot in the heart of the busy city. In one corner stood the ruins of a dwelling half destroyed by fire, and left to crumble away under the rain and frosts of winter; but the timber of the roof, and the planks of the flooring, such as had been left by the flames, had disappeared, having been either removed by the owner, or carried away by the occupants of the court for fuel. In the centre near the lamp was a small heap of ashes, so finely sifted that not the smallest cinder was left among them; and upon this heap there was no refuse of food, no portion cast away as being unfit for eating. Somewhere near at hand a water-tap had been left unturned; and the water was flowing, and splashing, and gurgling, with a cheerful sound of abundance, which seemed to make mirth of the darkness and the pinching want which had taken up its reign there. One could fancy that the hungry souls, whose ears were filled with the ceaseless and merry sound, would loathe the abundant flow of the cold and unsatisfying waters, and that they would feel the more heart-sick for hearing it. But there was no sound of human habitation, and, except for the flicker of the solitary lamp, and the rushing of the water, there was neither noise nor movement in the deserted court.

"There is no one living here," said Richard Crichton, speaking in a low tone, as if afraid of disturbing the silence of the place.

"We shall see," answered Mark: "I have been twice before, and I have had hearers. Perhaps they are waiting for me now."

He stationed himself beneath the lamp, and began to sing a hymn in a clear, strong, pleasant voice, which could not fail to penetrate through the closed doors to the dark hearths within. After the first two verses Richard Crichton saw one door after another stealthily opened, and dark, indistinguishable groups gather near the threshold. Here and there the pale outline of a wan face was just visible in the deep obscurity, but the starving families kept within their own dwellings, and none ventured out into the dim light of the lamp. But from one doorway after another the tune was taken up, until the hymn resounded through the court with an uncertain yet plaintive cadence. When it was finished Mark spoke to his unseen hearers in words of consolation and encouragement, which were answered by their half-suppressed sobs and murmurs. Then he uttered a short prayer, and heard an "Amen" sounding from many lips. Encouraged by this evidence of a

softened feeling, he turned his searching eyes from side to side, and called aloud in a voice of mingled pity and entreaty, "Is there no one among you who would wish to speak to me in your own home?"

MUSSULMAN DIET;

OR, THE FOOD AND DRINK I MET WITH IN THE
MAHOMMEDAN EAST.

BY HERMANN VAMBERT, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA."

I.

It is a remarkable fact in ethnography, however strange it may appear, that the food of a people not only has a powerful effect upon their civilisation, but exercises a great and varied influence upon the development of the mind. After reviewing the different preparations of food and drink which I found in the Mahommedan East, and comparing them with our European fare, I could almost believe that the secret of the physical and mental energy of the European, as well as of his firmness and perseverance, is to be found in the solid, substantial nature of his food, while the ardent and excitable temperament of an Asiatic, his habitual love of idleness, and the torpid indolence of his character, are equally explained by the peculiarity of his diet, which, although taken in great quantity, is poor and light in substance, and rather heating and exciting than strengthening. Experience, however, teaches that a European mode of life cannot be followed in all parts of Asia; and hence Europeans who reside here for any length of time, if they do not entirely lose the peculiar characteristics of their race, at all events become greatly altered by this extraneous nourishment; and this again proves that the food which the eastern nations principally consume, is regulated and proportioned according to the conditions of climate. Not only will an Englishman soon lose his mental activity, but he will completely ruin his health, if he does not, in the hottest parts of India, exchange his heavy roast beef and his stout, which makes the blood thick, for the hot, or rather fiery, curry, the toddy (the juice of the palm-tree), and arrac, all of which are to be found on the table of a native.

Eastern nations used to be designated in general as herbivorous; western nations, on the contrary, as carnivorous. I find this division somewhat too broad, and a more specific one may not be deemed superfluous. We will begin, as usual, with the Turks, the connecting medium between the east and west. Throughout the east they are cited as "the gluttons" (*kar' koxhu*). A proverb says, "The Arab eats until he is full; the Turk until he bursts." This remark is not very far from the truth, for no European can form an idea of what an Osmanli is able to consume, whether one of the class of effendis, or a delicate fine lady, or a peasant from Anatolia. It is strange that this habit of gluttony should characterise the whole Turkish race; but, precisely as one or the other tribe has faithfully adhered to their ancient customs, just so far do they excel their fellow-countrymen in the west, who have become amalgamated with foreign elements, and changed by the influences of foreign civilisation.

Constantinople having ingrafted so many various features of Greek civilisation upon the oriental régime of ancient Turkey, the same foreign admixture is perceptible in the food of the Osmanlis. The

pilau alone figures *par excellence* as the national dish. The Turks borrowed from the Greeks the use of olive-oil, and of the enormous quantity of green herbs and vegetables, as well as even the preparation of many of their dishes; while in their farinaceous puddings, and in the various kinds of roast meats, we discern the distinct traces of purely Turkish customs. The cooking utensils of the Turks are very nearly the same as among the Persians and the inhabitants of other parts of the east, but the manner of eating is greatly different. The low round table is completely Greek, and is found nowhere else in the east. While the Persians, the inhabitants of Central Asia, and the Arabs take their food between the thumb, the forefinger, and the middle-finger of their right hand, squatting upon their heels, with the body bent considerably forward, and the left hand pressed closely against the chest, the Osmanli is usually seen sitting before his small round table, and always with crossed legs. His left hand remains out of sight, and instead of the above-mentioned three fingers, he uses the whole hand in taking hold of the roast meat and the pudding, while for all other dishes he uses a spoon. And this way of eating is rendered far less disgusting in him than in the other Mahommedans of the east, even the poorest person washing hands and mouth carefully with soap.

But, I shall be asked, what kind of food do the Turks eat? The answer is not so easy as may be imagined. I made acquaintance in Turkey with a great variety of dishes which best suit the mode of life of the effendis, and other intelligent men, and which I relished there not only from necessity, but on account of their excellent flavour.

There are only two meals during the day, the smaller one between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, and the second and larger meal after sunset. The beginning is generally made with roast meat. Soup is seldom seen, with the exception of the many kinds of Turkish *tshorbas* (thick soups), which people only eat when they are unwell; although the *beaux-esprits* of modern days call all soups *barani miede* (the stomach-rain). A Turk looks upon roast meat as the best part of the meal, and for this reason, in reverse order to European custom, he begins with it. The master of the house, or the honoured guest, when such a one is present, is the first to put out his fingers for the baked meat, consisting of either fowl, turkey, or veal, etc., which is as soft as butter, and falls to pieces at the slightest touch. After every one has helped himself three or four times to these long, fibrous pieces of meat (to eat quickly is not considered proper), the master calls out "Al!" (take away) to his servants. Often has this ominous "Al" enraged me, for I fancied that whenever my favourite dish was on the table the "Al" was sounded some minutes earlier than at other times. The servants most of all rejoice at this summons, for they feed on the remains of the dishes, and the sooner this "Al" is heard, the more, of course, they save of the wreck, and the ampler is their own repast. Sometimes—and this is especially the case in the morning—a soup-like decoction of meat takes the place of *rôti*, when the employment of fingers instead of knife and fork is not exactly to one's taste. The Turks, it is true, wash their hands before eating; but water is not equally accessible to the pores of everybody's skin, and no wonder if many a Turk, during his finger-bath, not only takes something out of the gravy, but also leaves something behind. At

the time when I was still a novice in this mode of proceeding, I was allowed to use a fork in consequence of my want of experience, or, as the Turks of the old school called it, want of culture. It happened more than once, while my companions were fishing about in the muddy-looking gravy with their fingers and I with my iron instrument, that I stuck my fork into the finger of my neighbour, imagining it was a piece of meat. Such an unpleasant contact taught me to conform to general custom, and after two or three years I had learned to imitate and even agree, in this respect, with the Osmanlis; nay, if my fair readers would pardon my temerity, I would maintain even now that roast meat, or any other solid piece of food, tastes far better when eaten with one's fingers than with knife and fork. But I have been tempted to digress too far from my subject.

When the meat is removed, a series of vegetables succeeds. I say a series, for even the poorest Turk is in the habit of consuming daily three or four kinds of green food, while the wealthier man is not satisfied with less than ten to fifteen. These different vegetables, if served singly, and boiled or stewed as in Turkey, would not strike us as remarkable, but their mixture is occasionally strange and eccentric. Beans are boiled together with plums, spinach with pipkins, carrots with macaroni; and there are other compounds of which our great masters in the culinary art would not conceive the smallest idea. In the summer this great variety of vegetables, or *entremets*, as they should properly be called, is easily tolerated, nay, sometimes even to be recommended, according to the different peculiarities of the climate; but in the winter, when the garden provides the table but very scantily, and beans, lentils, parsnips, and carrots are the only additions to the ordinary products of the season, all who are restricted to Turkish diet may consider themselves fortunate that the small tin pans, in which *sebzevat* (vegetables) are served, contain so little, and that the peremptory "*Al!*" of the host causes them quickly again to disappear. There are few towns in Turkey which do not excel in the cultivation of some particular kind of vegetable. In Constantinople, the artichokes are decidedly of the very finest quality, and the Turks understand thoroughly how to prepare them. The eastern shores of the Mediterranean and of the Sea of Marmora are famed for their cabbages and parsley, and no connoisseur or epicure would omit to order for his table the products of those particular localities exclusively, for in the Turkish metropolis there is a far more considerable traffic in vegetables than in any other of the large capitals of Europe. The preparation of them is of the very simplest description, and in many ways resembles the English mode of cooking. One special peculiarity, however, deserves mention. These are the *dolmas* (forcemeats), the softer leaves of cabbages being filled with rice and various kinds of minced herbs. These *dolmas* vary considerably in size and quality; the most popular are those prepared with olive-oil instead of lard, and these, when cold, make a delicious luncheon in walking, hunting, or any other fatiguing excursion. In this catalogue of vegetable dishes, I must not forget to include a large variety of salads, of which all Turks, both small and great, are passionately fond. They are mostly composed of different kinds of lettuce, plentifully seasoned with lemon-juice and olive-oil. A Turk eats salads at his morning and his evening meal; he eats them with his soup, his pudding, and his sweetmeats; nay,

the lower class, especially the peasants of Anatolia, prefer the raw plant to any other food; and my countryman, the late General Kmety, was right when he declared that he could feed three whole Turkish regiments for weeks upon a large field of lettuce.

After several plates of this last-named food have been served, the puddings have their turn. The most popular is the *börek*, a pudding of spinach and cheese, fried in lard, and so rich that, on the slightest pressure of the finger, the fat runs down it. It is usually the custom to serve after this pudding two or three more varieties of vegetable; and then follows a sweet pudding prepared chiefly of sugar, milk, and flour. This is a very favourite dish with all Eastern nations, but especially with Turks of the higher class; and all first-rate cooks really pride themselves upon its preparation. The king of all sweets, however, is the *tavuk gövsi* (breast of fowls), a dish made of the tender parts of the fowl, finely grated, of ground rice, sugar, and cream. An experienced hand is required to mix these various elements in almost chemical proportion, and I have heard more than one European exclaim with surprise when eating of this dish, "But where is the fowl?" Next in rank to this dish is the *baklava*, a rich pastry cut in the shape of an oblong square, and which is fried in melted sugar. Then follow the different kinds of jellies, profuse in variety of colour and smell, and bearing for the most part poetical names, as for instance, the extremely popular *el masie* (like a diamond), which is in reality very clear and transparent.

The *tatlis* (sweetmeats) constitute the most expensive part of a Turkish table, and every new-comer must feel surprised how our good friends the Turks, in spite of the prodigious number of dishes that have been partaken of and removed, have always a huge appetite for the *tatlis*. Arms and shoulders grow tired with the repeated stretching forward and backward, and yet the stomach of the Turk remains far from being satisfied.

After the sweetmeats follows some other dainty dish, and then, by way of *finale*, a large piled-up plate of *pilau*. A proverb says, the *pilau* is more privileged than the host. It can remain upon the table as long as it chooses, and the imperious "*Al!*" having no dictatorial effect upon this dish, the more hungry of the guests usually go on stuffing themselves with the rice swelled in fat, even after the master of the house has left the table. There are a great many ways of preparing *pilau*. Sometimes the rice is mixed up with peas or any dry pulse; sometimes with artichokes, or a similar popular vegetable; sometimes with small pieces of meat; or the whole of the *pilau* being seasoned with spices and lemon, is boiled in the belly of a newly-killed lamb. Prepared in this way, it is considered the very daintiest of luxuries; but our European taste is not a little offended by the extremely vulgar and prosaic manner in which the little red-skinned lamb is torn to pieces by the sharp nails of the company.

The *pilau* being designated by the epithet "loaded with food," my readers will not be surprised to hear that the Turks have also a "rinsing from food." These are the sherbets, which are prepared with the juice of dried fruits, and a strong admixture of sugar. With the cup of sherbet is handed a peculiar kind of spoon, with a long handle and a deep bowl, generally of carved horn; and after a few spoonfuls have been

taken, all guests, naturally not without some effort, rise from the table. Flinging their towel-shaped dinner-napkins over their shoulders, they stand with uplifted hands waiting for the wash-hand basin, while mouth, nose, and beard are plentifully lathered with soap. After the Turk has washed and dried himself, he sits, or rather throws his body down, upon the sofa, to partake of the *no plus ultra* of enjoyment, the *tehibuk* and coffee. It is curious to observe the continual decrease of talk and animation among the company as the business of eating proceeds. At the commencement of the repast tongues wag with the utmost hilarity, but the growing weight of the stomach makes them gradually dull, and after dinner, especially during the first few whiffs from the pipe, all are as still as a mouse, and one might fancy himself to be in an assembly of the deaf and dumb. This offers a striking contrast to our manners in Western Europe, where the conversation, stimulated by Father Bacchus, grows most lively towards the end of the meal. This serene silence is occasionally interrupted by the deep, sonorous bass of some well-fed guest. I allude to the very audible eructation, which, strangely enough, is considered among the Turks not only as not uncivil, but as a mark, in some degree, of acknowledgment and content, and a brilliant proof of the splendid hospitality of the host. A hungry person never makes this noise; hence the master of the house defers doing so until one of his guests has begun; because, otherwise, the whole company would be obliged, out of civility, to follow the example of the host upon his giving the signal. This strange postprandial concert took me at first entirely by surprise; but to what does not time accustom us? After having lived for several years in Turkish houses, I could not, at last, imagine a meal complete without a concert of this sort.

With regard to the mode of being served at table, the present fashion has lost many features of that originally derived from ancient Turkish civilisation, without having adopted much from Europe. Usually each diner has before him a cover, consisting of a napkin, a spoon, and a thin piece of soft bread. The bowl, from which all eat in common, stands on a small leathern cushion embroidered with gold, in the middle of the large round brass dish (*sini*), which takes the place of a tablecloth. No water is placed upon the table, in accordance with a strictly Turkish fashion, but the custom is to turn the head to the servant who stands behind, and who, at a slight signal, performs his duty as cup-bearer. Otherwise it is considered contrary to etiquette to turn round frequently, or to stick out the right elbow, to smack one's lips, to take very large pieces, to put one's fingers into the dish at the same time with a person superior in rank, to drop part of the food, or, still worse, to let it fall and pick it up again. It is particularly revolting to a Turk to see meat, bread, or any other article of food, cut with a knife. The farther we penetrate eastward, the more generally this custom prevails, and the ruder the social relations, the stricter is its observance. They are prompted, I suppose, by feelings of humanity: knives are only made for cutting off men's heads; to ill-use food with sharp instruments would be an act of barbarity.

The farther we go eastward from Stamboul, the type and representative of the daily life of an Osmanli, the more rare become the traces of refinement and etiquette at table, or of choice dishes and artistic gastronomy. In Anatolia alone we meet with a few

places which have acquired a certain reputation throughout the Ottoman empire for one or more special dishes. Kaisarieh is highly noted, even in Stamboul, for its excellent cooks, although now that poverty has taken its hideous abode among the middle classes of Turkey, the time has gone by when the Turkish countryman or artisan would make any particular effort about the choice of his food. Hence the large majority, nay, even the wealthier among them, eat seldom more than one or two dishes at their daily meals, of which the most prominent are various kinds of vegetables and rice, *bulgur*, i.e., coarsely-ground groats, and *terhana*, a kind of paste grated and baked in the sun. Of garden-stuffs, *shalgam* is principally in vogue during the winter; it grows everywhere, and is eaten by every one with little interruption, as popular belief assures a seat in paradise to him who consumes it in large quantity. Meat is taken once every week, but sweets appear on the table only on the occasion of important festivals. The Anatolian, when on his travels, or when his pecuniary circumstances permit, is in the habit of making a pilgrimage to Mecca, to give himself, for once at least, an exceptional treat of eating and drinking. On the steamers of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, the European traveller will frequently have the opportunity of watching how the Turks, squatting down in a circle upon the deck, make it their chief occupation to satisfy their perpetual craving for food. The quantity which a single Turk can consume is incredible,—from ten to twenty hard-boiled eggs, large portions of meat, rice, and solid pudding; sometimes also a considerable quantity of *kadaif*, a thin farinaceous substance like vermicelli, and baked in sugar; and finally some cheese. The whole day long they are busy at the knapsack, which is their larder; and I have heard, not only from Persians and Arabs, but even from Central Asiatics, sarcastic remarks on the gluttony of the Turks.

I have been greatly surprised at the contrast between the extreme moderation of the nomads and semi-nomads on the one hand, and the greediness of the settled Asiatics on the other; and have noticed this contrast not only between Turkomans and Oezbegs, nomadic and settled Tadshiks, Beloochees, and Affghans, but in all parts of the east; nay, even between the Jürüks (nomadic Osmanlis) and their brethren in towns and villages. At first I ascribed this circumstance to poverty, which dwellers in tents feel more severely than the occupants of fixed habitations. Upon a deeper insight, however, into their life, I soon became convinced of my error. The nomad, frequently counting his sheep by hundreds, or rather thousands, and owning, as he does, large herds of horned cattle, can afford good living much more easily than his brother the settler, who has nothing to feed on but the scanty produce of Western Asiatic cultivation. In spite of this the former is the pattern of frugality, often to the extent of being extremely parsimonious; and, in the second place, his idea of the enjoyments of life differs totally from that of the latter. To feed and dress well, to lie upon a soft bed, to live in a warm room, is not in his eyes half so pleasant as to fling himself upon the back of a spirited steed, to fly through the boundless desert, to vanquish his enemy and appropriate the spoil. Nothing characterises his passion for plunder better than a simile expressed to me by a *savant* of Central Asia. "The Turkomans," he said, "resemble in their avarice the dung-beetles (*scarabæi*): like the

latter, they are for ever rolling together their dirt-balls of earthly treasure; and, although the mouth of their cave is far too small to receive them, yet their sordid passion knows no end." In Arabia, and more especially in Damascus, Aleppo, and Bagdad, the seats of ancient Arabian culture and civilisation, the native habits of life approach gradually nearer to those common in the east. The higher classes in the towns feed on light and digestible meat, such as young goat, lamb, and fowls. Rice and vegetables, however, alone form the staple article of food, although sweets are immensely relished; and a kind of electuary, called *Sham Helvasi* (*Helva* of Damascus), is celebrated far and wide.

On the borders of the desert, and in the desert itself, we meet everywhere with that exemplary frugality and abstemiousness which distinguish the Arab. It is said that these sons of the desert often content themselves for days with a few dates. Seldom having any cereals, they are chiefly restricted for food to meat, milk, and cheese. His spare, lean figure conforming perfectly to his ideas of beauty, he laughs at the unwieldy, well-fed Turk, whom he vastly surpasses in physical and mental activity, but who again has the advantage over him in solidity, toughness, and perseverance.

The ordinary diet of the Koords, who for the greater part still live in a nomadic state, is nearly the same. Rice is with them an unusual luxury. During the summer their chief food consists of milk and cheese, and the flesh of those sheep which die naturally or are killed by the wolves. In the winter they are nearly as badly off for food as their animals; and *pastirma*, a dried meat with baked oatmeal cakes, is regarded as a peculiar delicacy.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN BURGoyNE.

WHEN Sir John Burgoyne stood last October at Guildhall to receive the freedom of the City of London, his breast was literally covered with honours and decorations. These were the symbols of a career of military service unparalleled in length and variety. He had then nearly completed his seventieth year of active duty in his profession. Never was the rank of field-marshal, to which he had been recently elevated, more honourably earned. When he received his first commission in 1798, the great captains of the age were only commencing their career of renown. Wellington was then, as Colonel Wellesley, gaining his earliest laurels in India, and Buonaparte was as yet only a republican general. If when he entered the army there were any soldiers in it as old as he is now, their recollections might have gone back to the wars of Marlborough.

The first services of the young officer of Engineers were in the Mediterranean, assisting in the blockade of Malta, and in the expedition to Sicily. He served with Abercrombie in Egypt, and was present at the surrender of Alexandria. With Sir John Moore he went to Sweden, and afterwards to Portugal. Serving through the long and eventful Peninsular war, he took the leading part in the memorable sieges, Burgos and San Sebastian, and others, described in the glowing pages of Napier. He commanded the Engineer corps in the expedition to New Orleans in 1815, and in that to Portugal in 1826. When the Russian war broke out, the veteran Engineer was at his right post before Sebastopol.

He told his countrymen afterwards that the term "siege" was not properly applied to the operations of the British army before that stronghold. The Russians, defended by formidable works, were confronted by the allies, and one army attacked the other army, sometimes with success, sometimes with repulse, till at last the position was forced and victory remained with the invaders. What is called the siege of Sebastopol was, in fact, a pitched battle prolonged by fortified positions, the protection of which retarded the decision of the conflict. The battles of Balaklava and Inkerman, and the numerous assaults and sorties, were but episodes in the continuous operations of the Engineers of the hostile armies. When Sir John Burgoyne gave up the direction of the works to his successor Sir Harry Jones, he remained for three months, at the urgent request of Lord Raglan, and saw the arrangements completed which led to the retreat of the Russians from the position that they had held with such tenacity.

For his services in the Crimea, besides the British medal and a baronetcy, he was decorated with the order of Medjidie from the Sultan, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon III. He already possessed all the medals and clasps due for service in the Peninsula and in the great European war.

To the Engineer service peace brings active duties as well as war. In 1831 Sir John Burgoyne was appointed to the post of Chairman of Public Works in Ireland, which he vacated in 1845, on his removal to the important position of head of the Royal Engineer service in England. As Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Director of Works to the War Department, Sir John Burgoyne's talents were in constant demand. His celebrated letter to the Duke of Wellington awakened the nation to a sense of the defenceless condition of the United Kingdom. The days had gone by when the waves were considered the bulwarks of our coast, and when trust was put in "the wooden walls of old England." The progress of invention had revolutionised the art of war, and it was thought by the military authorities that the security of England required a vast and costly system of fortifications. In the construction of these works the skill and experience of Sir John Burgoyne gave useful directions. Nor were his powers of administration confined to strictly professional duties. In various departments of the Civil Service of the State he was called to take active part. During the calamitous famine in Ireland, he was Chairman of the Relief Commission. He was a member of the Transatlantic Packet Commission, of the Irish Railway Commission, and the still more important Commission for the Metropolitan Sewage Works. In the management of the Patriotic Fund, and in the government of the affairs of the Commissionaire corps, he found congenial occupation, as more directly connected with the welfare of members of his profession.

The announcement of his promotion to the rank of field-marshal, of his appointment to the historical post of "Constable of the Tower of London," and of his being presented with the freedom of the City, called from the public press and from the national voice an echo of hearty approval and gratulation. No honour could be too great in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to the country in his long and useful career.

As is usual with men of true greatness, Sir John

Burgoyne is remarkable for his humble and unassuming disposition, and bears himself as if unconscious of the merit which others are proclaiming. It is related that the Duke of Wellington, on being

Mayor, Mr. Chamberlain, and gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to find terms to give expression to the amount of gratification I feel in receiving this very flattering and splendid testimonial. As military



*yours very faithfully,
J. F. Burgoyne*

From a Photograph by F. Joubert.

asked his opinion of him, replied, "If Burgoyne only knew his own merit, no one would equal him." The short speech delivered by him at the Guildhall, in reply to the eulogistic address of the City Chamberlain, was thoroughly characteristic:—"My Lord

men, marks of distinction are given to us in the first instance by our gracious sovereign, as the fountain of honour. From thence they pass through the running current of the public press, and ultimately there comes a demonstrative torrent from some great and

influential public body. Now, there is no public body or association that can compare with the weight and influence of the Corporation of this great City. Notwithstanding the flattering terms which the hon. gentleman has pleased to make use of towards me, I cannot conceive myself to be as an individual quite worthy of this great distinction. But I may receive it as the representative of a class, to which class it may be your wish, perhaps, to do honour. As such I receive it with great pride, and I beg to return you, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, my most earnest thanks and acknowledgments."

Confining ourselves to the public services of Sir John Burgoyne, it may yet tend to the completeness of this sketch if we add a few words of a more personal bearing. Sir John is son of the late Right Hon. John Burgoyne, M.P. for Preston. He was born in 1782, and educated at Eton and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He has an only son, Captain Burgoyne, R.N., who obtained the Victoria Cross for an act of conspicuous gallantry during the Russian war, and who, following in his father's footsteps, is already one of the most dis-

tinguished of the younger generation of naval officers.

It need scarcely be said that in private life Sir John Burgoyne is loved and revered, and we heartily wish he may long enjoy his well-earned honours.

We may add that Sir John Burgoyne wields a vigorous and graceful pen. A selection from his published and unpublished despatches, reports, and other papers, would form a valuable and interesting volume. Nor is he less skilful in lighter forms of literature. Those who know him only as a veteran soldier would be surprised and amused by the playfulness and humour of his effusions, both in prose and poetry. We have seen many charming "Vers de Société," written by him in young ladies' albums, sometimes in unexpectedly sentimental strain, like one ending with this happy couplet:—

"That eye so languishing, so sweet, so mild,
At once of love the parent and the child."

Of other partly humorous verses we append two specimens in fac-simile, the first referring to the approaching marriage of a young friend, Miss Knight, to Mr. Squire. The other tells its own tale.

*Happy the Squire, who makes it his delight,
To pledge his service to a worthy Knight!*

*You wish me a happy new year, as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
You should wish me—two happy new ears!*

PASSING THROUGH COLLEGE FOR NOTHING.

A GREAT deal has lately been said in the "Times," and much is always being said and written, on the subject of the expenses of young men at college. It is tolerably easy to settle the amount requisite for absolutely necessary academical expenses,* but there are expenses beyond this of a very indeterminate kind of which it is hard to fix the limit, and hard to say whether they are absolutely necessary or not. We have heard of young men passing through the university and spending some ten thousand a year,

and we have also heard of young men passing through the university and absolutely paying nothing at all, but having something to receive. These, of course, are extreme instances, and between these extreme limits there is every shade of variation. Still, the second extreme, that of passing through college on nothing, is not so very uncommon, and, at all events, an approximation to this is very possible. It is a practical question, worthy of any light that may be thrown on it, and a few simple actual experiences may be of use.

* EXPENSES OF UNATTACHED STUDENTS AT OXFORD.—"A Resident Professor" writes to the "Times":—"It will probably be allowed that if poor men are attracted to Oxford by exaggerated statements of the economical advantages of the 'unattached student' scheme, a cruel injustice will be done to them. Now, a statement has been made, and widely circulated, that their necessary expenses will not exceed £40 per annum. I should be glad to see the items upon which this estimate rests in the hands of those who have made it. I have resided in Oxford almost continuously for the last thirty-four years. I lived for many years in lodgings; I am well acquainted with the prices of necessities and with the needs of students. I believe the following to be a fair calculation of the necessary, or quasi-necessaries, expenses of the ordinary student

under the new system:—Lodgings (18 weeks, at 12s. a week), £10 10s.; coals (12 weeks, at 2s. 6d. a week), £1 10s.; washing (18 weeks at 2s. a week), £1 10s.; board (18 weeks, at £1 a week), £18; clothes (for the full year), £15; University dues, £3 10s.; professors' fees (£1 per term), £3; travelling expenses (six journeys), £4; miscellaneous (including books, stationery, medical attendance, pocket-money, &c.), £9; private tuition (£10 per term), £20. Total, £96 12s. In the comparatively rare case of a student capable of dispensing with private tuition, the annual cost will of course be diminished by £30 a year, and need not much exceed £65; but I do not believe that the ordinary student will be able to keep his expenses much below £100 a year."

There must be many families to whom it is a most desirable thing that college expenditure should be a lessened item, and to whom such a circumstance would in many ways be beneficial.

Now let us take this extreme case of "passing through college for nothing," and see how it has been done, and may be yet done again. We will take two typical instances, and pursue the fortunes of two very different young men, whom we will respectively call A. B. and Y. Z. We will suppose, in the one case, that A. B. is a youth of much promise, excellent abilities, and careful training. It will be comparatively easy to show that A. B. may do very much towards minimising his expenditure, and, so far at least as strictly academical expenses are concerned, he may make money, rather than lose money. In the case of Y. Z. there is nothing very special or remarkable in the way of ability and learning, and the problem becomes certainly more difficult, but still it is not insoluble.

For the clever, well-trained boy, the way is made exceedingly easy. We were at Eton the other day, and the case of a boy was mentioned who, at the age of twelve or thirteen, was calculated to have saved his father some fifteen hundred pounds. He had passed triumphantly through a competitive examination, and had been placed on the foundation, and it was estimated that the amount of saving to his father during the years of his Eton education would amount to that sum. These competitive examinations are now carried on at all our great public schools, and at other foundation schools. Something of the sort is not altogether uncommon in private schools. Great pains are taken with the pupils who are likely to do credit to a school, and various incitements and advantages are put in their way. It may, however, be altogether doubted whether it is wise to apply the principle of competitive examination to young children, and we have reason to know that this is the feeling entertained at some of our greatest educational establishments. There is great danger of excessive mental work in a mere child stunting all future mental growth. The boy may be very clever when he enters school, but he may not be so clever when he leaves school, or when he leaves college and enters life. It is not in all cases a good augury that a boy will be able to go through college for a little because he has gone through school for a little.

The choice of a school is a very important matter. Some great advantages belong to particular localities. Many are the respectable families of fixed limited incomes who have taken up their residence in particular towns in order to procure certain educational advantages for their children. In this way many persons, at a comparatively cheap cost, have obtained the advantages of such schools as Eton and Harrow. The main advantages to be gained at schools are to be found in the exhibitions which are so often attached to them at some colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. The total amount of these comes to an enormous aggregate. The best exhibitions in all Oxford are the Snell exhibitions from the University of Glasgow to Balliol College, Oxford. These are of the value of about £135 a year, each tenable for ten years. These are generally given by the authorities at Glasgow to young men of promise, who have already distinguished themselves. Such a sum more than defrays all strict academical expenses, and nearly covers all expenses whatsoever. The fifteen Hulme exhibitions to Brase-

nose College average a hundred a year each. The holder of such an exhibition frequently obtains a college scholarship as well, occasionally a university scholarship or money prizes, and it is quite conceivable that an undergraduate may obtain between two and three hundred a year during his first year at college. This is of course a very exceptional case, but approximations to this are by no means rare. These prizes generally fall to the lot of very clever young men who have had an elaborate and expensive education with such an object specially in view. Still it often happens that very considerable aids fall to the lot of those of very different calibre. It all depends on the amount of competition, and in schools where the population of the locality has dwindled down, the competition is sometimes very slender. We have known young men holding exhibitions of some seventy pounds a year or more, whose wildest dream of academical ambition never went beyond a simple pass.

A few further particulars of these school exhibitions may be interesting. We will select the more important from our endowed schools. Tunbridge is an excellent example, and among the wealthiest; and from thence there are sixteen exhibitions of a hundred a year each. From Christ's Hospital there were sixteen exhibitions averaging a hundred a year. There are no school exhibitions more lucrative than these; but scattered all over the country are grammar schools with valuable exhibitions of varying amounts attached to them. It has been said by the "Quarterly Review" of the English endowed school, that "no original, no counterpart, nor copy of it, is to be found abroad; and it bears no resemblance to any foreign institution, under whatever denomination, where boys are assembled for the purpose of education." Winchester has twenty exhibitions of fifty pounds each. St. Paul's, with a strictly limited number of boys, is wealthy in this respect. Merchant Taylors' has twenty out of a hundred, to be filled up each year, besides various others. The exhibitions at Harrow are comparatively poor. At Rugby, there are twelve of sixty, and twelve of twenty-five pounds. At Shrewsbury the exhibitions are particularly numerous. An abundant field is open for the foresight of parents and the education of their children in such exhibitions, which will materially lessen the cost of a college education. In addition to these are an immense number of open scholarships among the different colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

Now let us look at the case of other poor scholars, unblest by superior advantages of talent and education. The poor scholar, as an institution, has very much gone out of favour. There was a time when the universities were specially intended as nurseries for the church, and its endowments were generally bestowed on poor scholars designed for the ecclesiastical life. But now its scholarships are thrown open, we might almost say, to the wide world. They were formerly limited by various restrictions, but these have now been swept away. The competitors come up, before their matriculation, to try their chance, and if the result is unfavourable they can choose their own time and college for trying again. These scholarships were at one time not so much sought after, and rich men would hardly care to enter into competition with poor men. But now the mere fact of gaining a scholarship gives a kind of social distinction at the university, and even rich

men do not object to receive a not inconsiderable sum of money with it. Still our less favoured friend, Y. Z., may have, possibly, a share in exhibitions and scholarships. He is not what is called a good scholar, but he has a fair amount of knowledge. His abilities may be just as good as those of A. B., but then his parents have not been well off, and have been unable to procure for him the advantages which the other enjoyed. Perhaps, too, they have not been sufficiently wise and considerate in using the advantages which lay within their reach. But at school, while A. B. takes off the best exhibition, Y. Z. may obtain a smaller one. Similarly at college, there may be many scholarships to give away—perhaps at an unpopular college, and not many candidates, and to his great joy, perhaps to his great surprise, he finds himself elected to a scholarship. That is delightful news to the home party at the country parsonage, or in the dwelling of the half-pay officer, or the widow in all the narrowness of a small fixed income.

But really more lucrative, though quite void of distinction, is the condition of the poor scholar who avows himself a poor scholar, and as such seeks to pass through the university. He becomes a sizer at Cambridge, or a servitor at Oxford, or it may be a Bible-clerk, or takes some similar appellation. It will be remembered by the readers of the "Life of Henry Kirke White," how he obtained a sizership, and his tutor sent to him to say, that though his expenses were considerable, his college emoluments would also be considerable. As a matter of fact, White found that he would be able to pass through college on the resources furnished by the college, and would have done so had not his career been cut off by a too intense application to his books. This is a mistake against which it is not at all unnecessary to warn an anxious struggling man who is with difficulty making his way through college. Something might be said on the sinfulness of such a line of conduct, which does not obscurely threaten disease and death to those who pursue it. But such conduct is also a blunder, which no wise reading man will commit. There is a liability of breaking down sooner or later, perhaps at the moment which would have crowned the efforts of a moderate and well-regulated plan of study.

The money advantages of a servitorship are very considerable. The servitor only pays four pounds caution-money, where other men pay, on an average, thirty. The rent of his rooms does not average more than four pounds a year. The charge for tuition is remitted. The charges for college servants are lessened. There is no charge at all for dinner in hall. The college bills of a servitor never amount to one-half of the college bills of a commoner, and generally fall very much below one-half. Nor is this all. The servitorship has frequently small, sometimes rather large, exhibitions attached to it, which go far to defray the amount due to the college. Sometimes there is a surplus that goes a considerable way towards defraying those inevitable university expenses which make no appearance on the college books. It was put in evidence before the Oxford University Commission that such was the case. We can from personal knowledge speak of the case of a servitor whose college bills were only between thirty and forty pounds a year, and his college necessities between eighty and ninety, leaving a balance from his money prizes large enough to allow him to go through college for nothing. Various other instances are known where the result falls only very slightly

short of this. The only objection to a servitorship is the name, which, as it is an insincere term, and has no real corresponding fact attached to it, and is a mere badge of inferiority, ought to be swept away.

But the poor scholar who exhibits such a triumphant result as that which we have given, has generally to rely on resources which, though connected with the universities, are in some sense extraneous to them. In multitudes of cases, young men, the sons of unbenefticed clergymen or of clergymen with small benefices, have obtained funds from that venerable and most useful society, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. There are other institutions of a semi-eleemosynary nature which largely assist young men, though often the competition is keen and there are many disappointments. Again, there are a few religious societies which do a great deal towards defraying the expenses of young men, approved of for the ministry and thought likely to be useful therein. The London city companies have also a considerable amount of benefactions and exhibitions at the university. Some of these are, so to speak, "close boroughs," given away entirely by interest, or sometimes assigned to different members of the court of a city company in rotation. It may be said that this gives an incidental advantage to the poor scholar whose character and breeding are perhaps in advance of his talents and learning. The best of all these exhibitions of the London companies is that of the Goldsmiths, who give away many exhibitions at both universities of thirty pounds a year each. Such of the exhibitioners as attain to first or second class receive a further gratuity of twenty pounds. These exhibitions are wisely given away after a regular examination of some days' duration. There are a number of such exhibitions of very small value, which are sometimes obtained without much trouble. The writer of this article, while at college, happened to see one day in an old book called "Liber Scholasticus," a statement that a certain company held five pounds a year, under the will of an old lady. "Not being proud," as the saying is, he wrote to the clerk of the company on the subject. Considerably to his satisfaction, he was informed that the five pounds a year was now ten, that the exhibition had not been claimed, and that consequently a sum of twenty pounds as arrears would be handed to him.

But if it is important to obtain money, it is equally important to reduce expenses. There are certain expenses which ought to be included in every estimate of college expenditure. Travelling expenses are considerable, especially for those who live at remote distances. As the journey between home and college has to be made backwards or forwards six times a year, this unavoidable expenditure becomes heavy. The clothes are a necessity. So also are candles and groceries. In this particular, however, a frugal young man may exercise considerable economy and retrenchment. There are other things, which are sometimes thought to be necessities, in which a very complete retrenchment may be made. It is often urged that to mix in the society of the place is quite a necessity for Oxford men, and that without this, one of the great advantages of an Oxford education is lost. The answer is, that it is far better to forego such an advantage, than to purchase it by falling into debt. Besides, it cannot be admitted that society is utterly dependent on wine-parties. There are many opportunities of forming desirable acquaint-

ances without such indulgences. Much more is to be said in favour of having a private tutor, the expense of which is very considerable. But if it be the object of the student simply to pass through the university with some credit, and without striving for its very highest honours, the private tutor is an unnecessary luxury. The pass ought always to be achieved without the help of a private tutor. A considerable amount of university distinction is also constantly being achieved without private tutors. As a rule, it is the dull men who want them, and not the clever men. The college tutors maintain a high standard of efficiency, and are always ready to give any extra help and guidance for which they may be asked. The professoriate at Oxford is the best in the world perhaps, and does in the best way some of the best work of private tutors. Still for some men, and for some examinations, it must be admitted that the services of a private tutor are requisite in order to ensure full justice to a man. But this is just the emergency on which a man's friends or relations will rally around him to assist him, and a man's college has repeatedly been known to furnish him with a tutor. If, after all, he is debarred from these advantages, he must be content, as most of us are content, to be debarred from some advantages, and make the best of things as they are.

In this paper we have taken the working of the regular Oxford system. We have not entered into the matter of abbreviated periods of residence, and the system of university extension. We have confined ourselves to that which always has been, and which most probably will always continue to be, the main course and current of an Oxford residence. We have shown how the Oxford course may be greatly cheapened. This may be done, on the one hand, by rigid economy and conscientiousness, and on the other hand by obtaining a share in the good things that appertain to the universities. If a man has been well placed in respect to a school, both in the quality of tuition and further substantial advantages; if he has studied carefully and regularly; if his conduct is modest and blameless, his expenses will be most materially reduced. They may even altogether disappear. They have done so in the typical cases of our friends A. B. and Y. Z. The first is the clever man who gets scholarships at school, scholarships at colleges, scholarships at the university, who obtains at the close of his undergraduate career the fellowship and other lucrative advantages, and perhaps goes on to the highest honours in Church or State. The other supposed individual has a humbler, but perhaps a not less useful career. He goes up to college with any help he can obtain, he is content to be sizer or servitor, he gladly avails himself of any other help which the bounty or munificence of the great may provide for him. Both, however, in the happiest instances, are alike in this, that they pass through college for nothing. Such instances must always be comparatively rare, but at the same time they are sufficiently common to lend hope and stimulate efforts among that deserving race of poor scholars who have done so much for the world, and to whom the world is not ungrateful.

AN OLD CHEAPSIDE HOUSE.

In the old days, when the prosperous London merchants and shopkeepers (and both were often

united in the same individual) had their homes in the city, it was their custom and their pride to make these homes as comfortable and as luxurious as their circumstances permitted. Though the houses they dwelt in were expensively built, they were often of a class which would not be tolerated in our day, being most defective in point of light and ventilation, and remarkable for the lowness of the rooms, where a tall man might scarcely stand upright with his hat on: they were, however, in the interior, finished in the most costly manner by the builder and artistic decorator, and were furnished with hangings of damask or woven tapestry, and with cabinet wares of foreign work, upon which the most elaborate cunning had been bestowed regardless of expense. The wealthy city vied with each other in their interior adornments, and probably it was as much to this emulation of theirs as to any other cause that Englishmen owed the introduction at that period of many of the more refined industrial pursuits carried on upon the continent, and the foundation of a popular taste for art, which first manifested itself among them in connection with manufactures.

In many of the old private houses in the city yet standing, traces are observable of the fashion of which we speak. The hangings of damask, and the tapestry and needlework, have long since perished by the inroads of the moth, and the elaborate cabinet-ware, if it have not fallen to pieces from the effects of the worm or the dry-rot, has been relegated to the care of connoisseurs or collectors, and is enshrined in their museums: but things more lasting than they have kept their ground in testimony of the taste with which our ancestors garnished their homes, and the cost they were not unwilling to incur for the purpose. The carving of the period, which was of a description above mediocrity, and indeed was often excellent, is still preserved in many an ancient dwelling; and of the painter's art, though relatively that was less meritorious, numerous specimens are extant. Both carvings and paintings occupied the position, though by no means exclusively, in a London house of two hundred years ago, which the ample chimney mirrors occupy now, and in certain old houses which may be sought for in the shadow of Bow Church, they are seen in the same position; with this exception, however, in favour of the carvings, that they sometimes extend down the sides of the fireplace as well as cover the space above—and in some cases nearly fill that side of the room in which the fireplace stands. The carvings often served originally as a frame to a central painting in oil, the painting being the work of a Fleming or Dutchman—not a few of them being by Van d'Este, while some are uncommonly like early attempts by Van Goyen, and may have been the productions of his pupils. None of them were of any great value, but that has not prevented most of them from being cut out of the walls and finding their way to the picture-market. Nearly all of them, so far as our experience goes, are landscapes, not painted from nature, but from the artist's fancy; and those by Van d'Este appear to be the best, and are remarkable for truth in atmospheric effect and delicacy of colouring in the distances. The singular shapes of these pictures, when they are found among the dealer's stock, betray their origin at once, as they are for the most part enormously wide in relation to their height—thus showing that they were designed to fill the narrow strip of space between the wide high mantel-

piece and the low ceiling: we have met with them ere now as much as six feet in width, and not more than fourteen inches in height. In dwellings of the more pretentious class it was customary to have one or more panelled chambers, in which the walls, and sometimes the ceiling as well, were enriched with the work of the carver. There are not many such rooms now to be seen, partly owing to the fact that the best sites, on which the best houses stood, have been cleared and rebuilt upon—and partly because the late revival of mediæval tastes has led to the despoiling of such rooms, as well as to the appropriation of the decorative carvings above described; large quantities of the old English domestic carving having been bought up and made use of for ecclesiastical and other kindred purposes.

We have set down the above remarks *apropos* to a brief description of an old London house, not only curious in itself, but interesting from associations, both historical and biographical, connected with it—but which no longer exists. The house in question was built between the years 1669 and 1672 upon the sites of three houses, called, according to the custom of the time, by the names of their signs, The Black Boy, The Black Bull, and The Cardinal's Hat, which were burned down in the great fire of 1666. The builder was Edward Waldo, afterwards Sir Edward Waldo, and the house consisted of "a great messuage wherein he dwelt, and also two shops, the one lying on the east side, and the other on the west side of his door, and entry in Cheapside." The shops may have been used in the retail business of Waldo, who seems to have been a haberdasher, or they may have been let to other retailers. However this may have been, the business department was confined to the lower floor, at the back part of which a fine oak staircase led to the upper and living rooms. The entire front of the first-floor was occupied by the great room, which was lined throughout with dark oak panellings, and profusely decked with carvings in oak, representing flowers, fruit, and foliage, in wreaths and in solid groups, "or swags," in florid abundance. This was the room of state, set apart for receptions and ceremonies and family festivities; and truly it was not a little honoured during the period of its existence, which extended over nearly two centuries. Let us see how this came to pass.

It had been the custom, from a very remote period, for the sovereign of England, on the first Lord Mayor's day after his or her coronation, to visit the city in order to see the Lord Mayor's show, and afterwards to dine with him at the Guildhall. In very old times the sovereign and his suite looked on at the procession from a balcony in front of Bow Church; but the balcony gave way on the occasion of a grand tournament in the reign of Edward III, and deposited Queen Philippa and her attendants in the dust; then a large stone gallery was built on the north side of the church, and being used as a standing-place for royalty, was called the "Crown Sild." After the great fire the Crown Sild disappeared, the site of it being probably thrown into the street; and the house of Henry Waldo, standing nearly opposite to Bow Church, being in every way convenient for the purpose, was selected for the royal accommodation. It is upon record, and seems placed beyond a doubt, that no less than six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II to George III, visited the house on the occasion of the civic festivities, for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's show.

The first visit was that of Charles II, on the 29th of October, 1677, when, according to the "London Gazette" of the period, "their Majesties, accompanied with his royal highness, their highnesses the Lady Mary and the Lady Anne, and his highness the Prince of Orange, attended by a great many of the principal nobility and other persons of quality, having been pleased, upon the humble petition of the city, to honour them with their presence, first at a show in Cheapside, being placed in a balcony under a canopy of state, at the house of Sir Edward Waldo (upon whom his Majesty was then pleased to confer the honour of knighthood), and afterwards at the Guildhall at dinner, when the entertainment was very noble and magnificent in all kinds." (*sic*.)

James II never honoured the Lord Mayor's show by witnessing it. During Charles's lifetime James had an idea that the fifth monarchy men intended to murder them both; and when he came to the crown himself he took especial care to subject his sacred person to no avoidable risks.

In 1689, William and Mary, by invitation of the Lord Mayor and citizens, dined with them at the Guildhall, first repairing to Sir Edward Waldo's house, "where," says the "London Gazette" of the day, "their Majesties were pleased, from the balcony prepared for them, to see the show."

In 1702, Queen Anne was the guest of the Corporation. "The Queen," says Maitland, in his History of London, "having been pleased to accept of an invitation from the Lord Mayor and aldermen for honouring the city at dinner on the approaching Lord Mayor's day, her Majesty, attended by the great officers of state, and a numerous train of nobility and gentry, repaired to the city. Her Majesty, preceded by the Artillery Company, at the west end of St. Paul's Church was entertained by a speech of the workhouse children. When proceeding to the east end of the said church, she was diverted by an excellent speech of one of the Blue-coat boys; and from thence, advancing to Cheapside, beheld the magnificent cavalcade from a balcony opposite Bow Church; which being over, her Majesty was, by the sheriffs, conducted to Guildhall, where she was entertained in a sumptuous and magnificent manner."

On the 29th of October, 1714, George I visited the city, together with the Prince and Princess of Wales and a numerous train of nobility. They beheld the pompous cavalcade from the balcony of the old house, and were afterwards entertained by the citizens at Guildhall, where the King ordered a patent for creating the Lord Mayor a baronet.

In 1727, George II paid the city the like honour on the Lord Mayor's day, attended by a numerous train. After witnessing the show from the balcony of the house, which by this time was the property of Lady Hunsden, daughter of Sir Edward Waldo, they repaired to the entertainment provided for the Lord Mayor's guests at the Guildhall.

Between the accession of George II and that of George III, the house had passed into the possession of David Barclay, a descendant of Robert Barclay, of Ury, author of the famous "Apology for Quakers;" and which David Barclay, it appears, was father to the David Barclay, jun., who was afterwards the founder of the well-known brewery firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. The last and the most remarkable of the royal visits to the old house, was that of George III and his Queen and princes and attendants. The coronation of their Majesties took place on the 22nd

of September, and they visited the city on the following Lord Mayor's day, which now, in consequence of the alteration of style in 1752, fell on the 9th of November.

The royal visitors entered the city in their state coach, and at the east end of St. Paul's Church stayed to listen to a speech from the senior scholar of the grammar school of Christ's Hospital. Thence they went to Mr. Barclay's house to witness the procession of the Lord Mayor. The particulars of this royal visit were most minutely chronicled at the time by two ladies of the Quaker's family, who were both exceedingly well qualified for the task, and who were more than sufficiently diffusive in their narratives of the event contained in letters to their relatives. We shall forbear the making of extracts from the letters of these ladies, and quote instead the account of the event given in a work entitled, "George III and his Family."

"Though both their Majesties," says the writer, "considered this visit to the honest Quaker as devoid of etiquette, yet his family contrived to maintain an elegant decorum, without infringing upon their own private simplicity; the house, too, being completely filled with the *Friends*, whose curiosity was as much on tiptoe as that of the most worldly-minded. The Queen entered first, and the King followed, without ceremony, and even permitted the Barclay family to kiss his hand without kneeling, meeting them himself familiarly at the drawing-room door as they entered, after he had first shown himself to the crowd in the street, saluting them all with great politeness, and winning the hearts of those worthy people by his condescension. The King's example of kissing all the fawn-coloured ladies was followed by the princes, his brothers, and by his royal uncle; but this latter part of the ceremony was not performed until the moment of departure, and after their Majesties had quitted the apartment. A little grand-daughter of Mr. Barclay was introduced to the Queen in a retiring apartment, and performed the kissing hands with so much grace that the Queen could not help remarking it to his Majesty; when miss was sent for to the drawing-room, and afforded great entertainment to him, as she appeared in the Quaker simplicity, and said, that though she must not love fine things, yet she loved the King, and apologised for not making a courtesy, by stating that her grandpapa would never permit her to do so.

"Amidst all this bustle the King never sat down, nor would he take any refreshment. The Queen, indeed, took tea, which the family had the honour of presenting to the lady-in-waiting, who knelt in presenting it to her Majesty; thus gratifying the Quakers by the honour, and absolving their consciences from the slur of 'bending the knee to Baal.'

"The civic procession being very late, their Majesties stopped until seven o'clock, sending everybody away before them except the two ladies-in-waiting, and remaining quietly till the bustle was over, without either guards or attendants in the house—the Life Guards being merely drawn up in Bow Church-yard. Yet so careful was the King of the property of his worthy host, that he ordered a party of guards to be stationed before the house after his departure, to prevent any damage being done by the mob to the canopy and other decorations. . . .

"On returning from the banquet, his Majesty did not forget his primitive friends in Cheapside, but

looked for the Barclay family, who were still waiting to see the procession, and paid them the most marked personal compliments in passing, showing that the feelings of the gentleman were not lost in the splendid etiquette of the monarch."

Among the memorials of this royal visit are various accounts of it in the periodicals of the time, and in some literary sketches and fictions of a later day; the most interesting, perhaps, next to the descriptions by the Quaker ladies, is an engraving which represents George III and Queen Charlotte sitting under the canopy in front of Mr. Barclay's house. This print is very rare, and is of no value whatever as a production of art.

We have omitted to state that when the signs of London shopkeepers were abolished, and numbers substituted in their place, the old house of royal resort became No. 108, Cheapside. In the year 1816 it passed into the possession of a Mr. Evans, who occupied it for twenty years—preserving the relics of royalty, and especially the carvings of the great room, with the utmost care. But though during those twenty years both George IV and William IV came to the crown, neither of these sovereigns followed the old custom of visiting the city on the first Lord Mayor's day following their accession. The reason is said to have been that George IV did not choose to face the demonstrations of unpopularity which he would have had to encounter in consequence of the prevalent feeling of the people in favour of his Queen, with whom he had quarrelled; and that William, who came to the throne during the agitations which prefaced the Reform Bill, and which afterwards reached their climax in the Bristol riots, was apprehensive of political tumult. Queen Victoria, on her accession, did not omit to pay her loyal citizens the customary visit, and to become their guest at the civic banquet; but she had too pure a taste to take pleasure in witnessing a spectacle which is regarded by many as but a monster raree-show—a repulsive relic of barbarism.

In the year 1861 the old Cheapside house opposite Bow Church was pulled down to make room for a modern erection more suitable for business purposes, and the materials were disposed of by public auction. One of the lots was the oak mouldings, panelling, and carvings of the "great room," which during the two centuries last past had received so many royal guests. It may interest the curious to know that this lot was purchased by a Welsh gentleman, a connoisseur and collector of oaken sculptures, and was by him transferred to his country house at Gungrog, in North Wales, where it was fitted to the walls of a suitable apartment; and where we trust it will remain secure from harm for generations yet to come.

THE BIRD SHEAF.

OUR coloured illustration represents a beautiful custom which prevails among the peasants in Norway. At Christmas they fix up in front of their cottages a long pole with a goodly sheaf of corn at the top, intended as food for the birds during the inclement season, when the ground is covered with snow. In itself a kindly act, the observance of the custom is still more praiseworthy from the lesson of benevolence it teaches to the young, reminding them that Christmas should be a season of charity as well as of cheerfulness.

Varities.

GENERAL GRANT.—In Mr. Dilke's "Great Britain" are some interesting notices of the American President:—"General Grant's first words to me at Washington were, 'Glad to meet you. What have you seen?'—'The Capitol.'—'Go at once and see the monitors.' He afterwards said to me, in words that photograph not only the monitors, but Grant, 'You can batter away at those things for a month, and do no good.' I had not been ten minutes in his office at Washington before I saw that the secret of his unvarying success lay in his unflinching determination: there is pith in the American conceit which reads in his initials, 'U. S. G.,' 'Unconditional Surrender Grant.' Grant's name lends itself easily to puns and jokes, especially the phenomenon of Ulysses. Enemies are in the habit of writing this name Useless Grant; and at one moment, when a certain sharp altercation was in everybody's mouth, it was printed in the democratic journals U-lye-ses Grant. The initials U. S. stand for Uncle Sam; and Uncle Sam Grant was a nickname given to him by his fellow-students at West Point. At a later day, after Vicksburg, U. S. G. were made to stand for United States General. The fun of the thing is, that the General is not named Ulysses at all, his real name being Hiram Simpson. By a pure mistake, his first commission was written in the form which he has made so famous, and, the document being signed, the young soldier strove in vain to get official people to correct the blunder." Abundant use was made of the initials in the electioneering squibs for the Presidency. The "Buffalo Express" gives us this column, on the winning side:—

"U. S. Grant.
Ulysses Sydney Grant.
Union Saving Grant.
Usually Silent Grant.
Upright Statesman Grant.
Universal Suffrage Grant.
Unequalled Soldier Grant.
Unaffectedly Simple Grant.
Uniformly Successful Grant.
Unanimously Selected Grant.
Undisturbedly Serene Grant.
Unconquerable Spirited Grant.
Unimpeachable Servant Grant.
Unintermitting Smoker Grant.
Unquestionably Sound Grant.
Unflinchingly Steadfast Grant.
Unconditional Surrender Grant.
Unambiguously Straightforward Grant.
United States-president Grant."

ROSE-COLOURED SOLAR PROTUBERANCES.—Among the results obtained from the observations in India of the late great total eclipse of the sun, none has been more interesting and important than that which has determined the probable physical composition of the rose-coloured protuberances observed around the dark body of the moon during the total obscuration of the sun. It fortunately happened, for this purpose, that one of the prominences, nearly one hundred thousand miles in length, was caught in the spectroscopes of observers at Jamkandi, Guntoor, Masulipatam, and Wha-tonne, on the Malay Peninsula. Its spectrum was found at all these places to consist of several bright lines. M. Rayet, of the French expedition, saw nine, six of which are coincident with certain dark lines of the solar spectrum. The only inference to be drawn from these observations is that this prominence consisted of an immense column of incandescent gas, produced principally from the combustion of an enormous amount of hydrogen, and that similar masses of burning gaseous vapours are continually floating about exterior to the usual envelope of the sun. On several of the photographs taken at Guntoor by Major Tennant, the huge protuberance which appears to have attracted the attention of all observers, both scientific and non-scientific, had the extraordinary appearance of a ribbon of light coiled spirally round a semi-transparent centre, as if it were whirled upwards to such a remarkable height by a sudden outburst of hydrogen gas, carrying with it at the same time the lighter vapours of sodium and magnesium which exist ordinarily near the sun's surface. From the perfect agreement of the spectrum observations, we have every reason to believe that these curious appendages, which have interested astronomers so much at all the recent total eclipses of the sun, are formed of vapours of metals and gases in a state of combustion, and that they are constantly changing in form and density from day to day.

Hitherto these rose-coloured protuberances have only been seen during the time of total darkness, but since the eclipse of August 17-18, 1868, Dr. Janssen and Mr. Lockyer have been able to observe the bright lines in the spectrum of the prominences in full sunlight. It appears that Dr. Janssen had contrived a method of observation, the principle of which he conceived during the great eclipse, which has enabled him to observe the prominences at any time with the spectroscope, their presence being revealed by the substitution of bright lines in the spectrum instead of the usual dark lines always produced by the analysis of ordinary solar light. On the day succeeding the eclipse, Dr. Janssen found that the protuberances observed during the totality were greatly modified, scarcely any traces remaining of that which attracted so much attention. Dr. Janssen continued his observations in India daily till September 4. The rapidity with which the immense gaseous masses were formed and dissipated was most extraordinary, a few minutes frequently being sufficient to alter their entire complexion. Mr. Lockyer first noticed the bright lines on October 20, but before any public notification had been made in England of Dr. Janssen's discovery. The observations were forwarded to Mr. Warren De La Rue at Paris, who intended to communicate them to the next meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. However, a letter from Dr. Janssen, written at Cocanada on September 19, was inserted in the "Moniteur Universel" of October 25, which showed that he had preceded Mr. Lockyer in these important observations, and consequently his name will probably be associated with this great discovery as the first observer of the rose-coloured protuberances in broad sunlight.

E. D.

ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY.—In a paper written three or four days before his death, when speaking was difficult, the late Archbishop said, "I commit my soul into the hands of my God and dear Saviour. I have had proofs enough of his love in the past, and I am well assured that whatever sufferings or trials are permitted to befall me are visitations of love. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' As to the faith in which I wish to die, I cannot better express it than in Richard Hooker's dying words, as indicated in the underlined passage I have written out. A poor and guilty sinner I know myself to be; but I believe that those who kneel at the foot of the Cross with this sincere confession will never be cast out if they look to the cleansing blood of Christ for their sole ground of pardon and acceptance." The following is the extract from Hooker:—"Though I have by His grace loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him and to all men; yet if Thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead, not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my own unrighteousness, for His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe Thee a death, O Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take Thine own time. Let not mine, O Lord, but Thy will be done." His last intelligible words were those of the "Gloria in Excelsis."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A COLONY.—At a political demonstration which took place at Ballarat last autumn, the Hon. J. P. Fawcner recalled some facts of much interest in the history of Melbourne:—"Melbourne," he said, "completed its thirty-third year on Saturday last. On the 29th of August, 1835, the first landing took place, on a small rising ground on which our tent was pitched on the evening of August the 29th. Our horses were then landed, and set to graze. Early in 1835 I resolved to attempt to settle in Port Phillip, having been one of those who landed on Point Nepean from the Calcutta, under Governor David Collins, to colonise at Port Phillip. This was on October 19, 1803. Governor Collins declared the place unfit for settlement, and took the whole of the people to the Derwent. I sought out some friends to come with me in 1835, and five persons agreed to help to found the new colony. Their names were Robert Hay Marr, William Jackson, Samuel Jackson, Captain John Lancey, and George Evans. They all deserted me. Some went away, and the others took to sheep-farming, and I alone remained to found the famous city of Melbourne. I purchased a schooner, the Enterprise, to bring my horses, cattle, and household goods, and in six days after landing had five acres of land ploughed and sown with wheat. This produced 100 bushels in January, 1836. A wilderness in 1835, a fine flourishing colony in 1868, though only thirty-three years old!"